## LONE HOLLOW:

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRITA, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER X CONSTRUNCTION AT LONE HOLLOW,

Grace Penroy waited anxiously the return of her messenger to Stonefield. The night passed without her coming, and Grace rose early, little rested, so anxious was she to be once more on good terms with her lover. No alarm was feit until late in the fore-noon, when Grace noticed Romeo standing in the road near the stables whinnying to be

admitted.

Captain Starbright came sauntering up the walk. He managed to pass most of his time in or about Lone Hellow, but since the coming of Lura Joyce he had made no advances in his suit for the hand of Grase; in consequence the heiress was learning to remark him with considerable laws average. gard him with considerable less aversion

than formerly.
"Isn't that Romeo down yonder, Captain?" questioned Grace, who stood on the veranda as the Captain came up. "It looks like Mad Lura's horse, surely,"

returned Captain Starbright, as he gianced toward the road. "I wonder where his mis-"She went to Stonefield yesterday."

"And rode Romeo!"

Captain Starbright turned on his heel and hurried at once to the stable. If he expect-ed to meet Lura Joyce he was mistaken. Romeo stood by the road gate whinneying to be admitted. The Captain led the horse to his stall.—He noticed that the horse was saddled, and he wondered at the non-appearance of the animal's mistress.
"You did not see Lura!"

Grace Penroy's face was white as she put the question to the Captain on his return. "I did not."

He twisted his cane and looked thoughtful, and perhaps a trifle uneasy.
"The horse was saddled?"

Then something has happened to Lura," cried Grace, in a distracted voice.

"Don't borrow trouble-"
"But Romeo is vicious, and I have always feared that he would be the death of Lura. I am sure something terrible has happened," persisted Grace. "Go at once, Captain Starbright, and look for her. Summon the servants and move quickly. If any thing has happened I shall nover forgive myself," and Grace wrung her hands and looked distressed indeed.

A vague suspicion entered the mind of Captain Starbright as he turned away to obey the orders of the mistress of Lone

"If something has happened, it will be a glad day for me," mused the Captain, a faint smile lifting the wings of his tawny He hastened to the stable, saddled one of

his grays and was soon galloping swiftly away in the direction of Stonefield. No one had met or seen the girl, and when the Captain returned to Lone Hollow late in

the day he brought no news of the missing The servants sconred the vicinity without success. Old Mr. Vandible was worked up to fever heat, while his granddaughter was nearly crushed with grief.

"I know something terrible has hap-pened," declared poor Grace, again and again.

"Confound it, what business had Lura to go away, I'd like to know! I think a girl

her age ought to know something. The mof riding a vicious horse unaccompanied over that lonely road, with tramps and wild animals thick as fleas on a.dog, is pre-sumptuous, yes, presumptuous, I say."

down with a tremendous thump that would

make things jingle.
"Grandpa, don't," pleaded Grace. "It was all my fault. I sent Coosin Lura."
"You sent her! For what, I'd like to know! The idea—yes, the idea—I say, of a girl trapesing off just at night after knickmacks not worth a sixpence. If the girl's dead, her neck broke from her folly and yours, Grace Penroy, I recken the lesson'll bea mighty useful one for both of you; yes,

for both of you hity-tity girls, I say Then the old man stamped up and down the porch, thumping his cane after every other word in a way that, on another occasion, would have been laughable in the ex-

The shades of night came with ao news of the missing Lura. Captain Starbright feit like congratulating himself. If an ac-cident had happened it would prove a lucky circumstance for him.

He had been only too auxious to have the determined Miss Joyce out of his path, that he might have no object in the way of the full accomplishment of his schemes. He hoped that she had really met with an accident that would prevent further interference on heavest.

ence on her part.
"Oh, Captain, what shall, what sin we dol" meaned Grace, appealing to Captain Starbright in a way that almost touched his We can only hope for the best," he re-

"Do you think we have any reason to

He saw that she was anxious for him to speak words of cheer, and so he would not disappoint her, for the Captain was ex-tremely auxious to gain the good will of the heiress who had once snubbed him for his hasty familiarity.

hasty familiarity.

"I think we have good ground for hope, Grace," he said, in a reassuring tone.

"Really, I haven't the least idea that any thing serious has befallen your cousin. I have known the young lady for some time and can assure you that, though reckless and high-strung, she is abundantly able to take care of herself."

Then how do you account for her not re-"I do not pretend to account for it," he answered. "What was the errand that took her to Stonefield!"

He regarded Miss Penroy keenly as he out the question.
"A little affair of our own."

"Which does not concern me, eht" re-corted the Captain, with a low laugh. Grace passed into the house without speaking again. The Captain muttered something not exactly polite under his preath, and then turned away. It was now almost dark As Captain Starbright approached the gate a stout form rose up and confronted him.

Ha! it is one of the twins," ejaculated the Captain, feeling annoyed at the sudden appearance of one he cared not to see.

"H's me, fur a fact," grunted the man in a surly tone. "I reckwhed you'd be over afore this, Cap'n. I get impatient, as did naw and Bill, so here I be."

"What brings you here!" demanded the Captain, leaning against the fence, regarding the man with a frown.
"What do ye s'pose! I thought you might guess. Hain't seen the gal—"Ha! then it is your hand that has been in this work. I feared so,"
"You wanted it done."
"True."

forward, Captain Starbright

ast not be seen together. I will join you Captain Starbright with an or mediately." immediately."

The man hesitated a moment, then turne and shuffled swiftly away.

Glancing toward the house and seeing no me watching, Captain Starbright passed hrough the gate and walked with deliberate tep down the incline to the foot of the nound on which stood the Vandable manion. Here he found his man waiting in the

The Captain led the way into some under growth until completely hidden from the road, then he came to a pause and faced his "Well, what have you to tell, Hank Ca-

"The gal's did for."

"Explain yourself."
In a few words the villain told how h and his twin brother had waylaid and mur-Jered dauntless Lura Joyce.

The Captain listened without a muscle of his countenance moving or exhibiting the

"How came the girl in that out-of-the-wa

She heard 'twasa short cut, I presume. "Do you know this to be a fact! "Didn't you or Bill entice her from the

main road!"
"We didn't. I'll swear to that, Cap'n." "Very well. It seems that the girl came o her death by accident. This is as it should be. I will accompany you to the spot and view the body. If all is as you have told it there will be something

further." "Hard money?" "Yes, hard money."

"Good." A chuckie feli from the ruffian's lips. Then, without more words, the two walked to the road. Darkness had fallen, and the twain were not likely to be recognized even should they chance to meet any one. Soon they gamed the path that led to Mother Cabera's cabin. Down this the twain hurried, and in a little time they stood be

fore the hut itself.
"The body is inside, I suppose?" "Nix," answered the ma "Where then!"

"Bill nor me hain't teched it sense we dropped her down yender onto them rocks. I wouldn't do it. Ef you want to see the

corpse it's your privilege, I s'pose."

Even the calloused heart of the Captain gave an unweated throb at this. The thought that the slender body of their vic-tim lay exposed under the cliff for many

hours was unpleasant. "A lantern, quick," ordered Captain Starbright. "I will investigate. The poor child must have a Christian burial in any event It is awful leaving her there all this time. "We couldn't help it, Cap'n. We expected you sooner. Gittin' tired of waiten I went

for ye," answered the Captain's tool, apol-Then he entered the house, returning soon, bearing a lautern in his hand. "Bill wouldn't come, so I spect I'll hev ter pilot ye to the place."

"Very good. Lead the way."

And then the two men set off down the path toward the scene of the late accident! It order to gain the feet of the perpendicular hill it was necessary to begin the descent some distance from the spot where Lura Joyce had been hurled into the rocky

After a scramble among bushes and along dangerous places where the loose pebbles threatened to precipitate them into eternity, the two men gained the foot of the declivity and stood in a damp atmos-phere at the bottom of the gulch.

"Now, then, how far is it?"

"About twenty rods, I reckon."
"Lead on, quiekly!" returned Starbright,
n an impatient voice.
The dampness and gloom did not agree

with him, and he was anxious to have his unenviable mission over with at the earlies possible moment. There seemed something uncanny in the surroundings, and for the first time a feeling akin to fear crept over the Captain.

Hank Cabera moved forward, swinging his lantern before him. The walking was comparatively easy, and soon the lanternearer came to a halt.

"Well!" demanded Starbright.

"We're here, Cap'n."

The Captain felt a rising in his threat, but he swallowed it with a gulp and peered forward over a rock as his companion flashed the rays of his lantern forward.

He thought to look upon the mangled remains of the fair girl he had once sought in marriage, and it is little wonder that the Captain was a triffe nervous under the cir-"I see no one!" uttered Starbright, after

hasty survey. Hank Cabera uttered an imprecation and eagerly scanned the rocky ground.
"The gal hain't here, for a fact," he mut-

tered at length. "I s'pect the wild animals has carried her off." "That is absolute nonsense."

"Eh! Why is it!"

"If such were the case some traces would be left behind. I see none here. Your lie won't go down. Henry Cabera."
"It's traces you seek, ch! What do you call this!" and the man with the lantern heid up a bit of gray cloth that had evidently been torn loose by a jagged point of

that he had seen worn by Lura Joyce.
"Jest look down here, pardner."

Hank Cabera was bending closely over the stones at the foot of the steep declivity, one huge, grimy finger pointing at the ground. The Captain saw and shuddered. Here, under the man's finger, had been a pool of blood which was now congulated. It was a horrid reminder of the awful tracedy the solemn rocks and trees had witnessed

but twenty-four hours earlier. The Captain shuddered and drew back. "What d'ye think now, pardner!" Cabera regarded Captain Starbright with

a curdling grin. "It looks as though somebody had fallen here, surely," admitted the Captain, "but I must see the body before I will be convinced

that a sure thing was made of the work."
"Do ye imagine a gal could fall sixty foot
onter them rocks an' not be killed, mister!" "It doesn't seem possible," admitted Star-bright, "but how am I to know that you are not decesving me! Some one seems to have fallen on these rocks, but it may be another than Lura Joyce. I demand to see the body before any thing further is done."

"Wal, I'll do my best."

Then the man began a search which re-sulted in failure.

"Somethin's carried the dead gal away, that's sartin," muttered Hank. "I can' see through it no more than you kin." "Let me take your lantern a moment

The forester turned the desired article over to Captain Starbright, and he pro-ceeded to make an examination on his own account. He was not long in making disaccount. He was not long in making discoveries that satisfied him. A strand of curing red brown hur was pressed under a bush near the base of the rock, and half concealed in blood-sprinkted leaves lay a pearl-handled pealintie that he knew to be the property of the venturesome Miss Joyce from the fact that it had been a present from him in the days gone by. Here was proof then that Lura Joyce had been hurled to the bottom of the gulch, and this being true, the Captain was satisfied that the girl was dead. He was puzzled at the disappearance of the body, however.

Securing the twin evidences of the awful crime Captain Starbright returned to his

Securing the twin evidences of the awful crime Captain Starbright returned to his brutal companion, and signified his readi-ness to return to the ground above. "Wal, what did ye find, Cap'n?"

"Nothing of importance."

"Nothing of importance."

"Do ye think I'm lyin' about the galf"

Hank Cabera refused to move until this question was answered. He confronted

on his shaggy face.
"No. I am satisfied that you have told only the truth, Hank." only the truth, Hank."

A grunt answered the Captain's words, and then Hank Cabera began moving forward on the return. Just as they were on the point of beginning the ascent at the point where they had entered the guich, both came to a stand, petrified into living statues for the time.

statues for the time.

A scream so wild, weird and awful rent
the air as to curdle the blood in the veins of the gulch trespassers.

"My soul! what was that!" Captain Starbright drew a concealed pistol and glared about him without reply. A pair of gleaming evokalls poered at the twain from the darkness. They seemed like demon eyes, and for the moment the Captain was too stupefied to fire.

Again the awful cry woke the echoes.

Again the awful cry woke the echoes, and then the Captain raised his revolver and sent a builet hurtling through the air. A yell followed, then a crash and two

A yell followed, then a crash and two men stood in darkness.

The lantern had been swept in fragments from the hand of Cabera. Black darkness everywhere. The gleaming eyes had disappeared and a solemn stillness reigned.

This was even more impressive than the pandemonium of sound had been. Hank Cabera clung to the arm of Captain Starbright and cried in a husky whisper:

bright and cried in a husky whisper:
"The guich is ha'ated! I've heerd it before. Let's git." No good could come of their remaining, so

the Captain, who was himself deeply startled, seconded his companion's sugges-tion by immediately moving from the spot. The twain were not as long going up as coming down, and both were extremely glad when the welcome light from the window of Mother Cabera's cabin gleamed in their eyes. The brave Captain actually staggered with weakness as he crossed the threshold.

CHAPTER XII

A THANKLESS CHILD. "An' so you chaps has been in the guich looking for the body of that spitfire gal."

Mother Cabera gave vent to a peculiar grating laugh that sounded harshly in the ears of Captain Starbright.

"That is the truth, Mrs. Cabera," as a yeard, the Captain, "Your you Hask talk."

sured the Captain. "Your son Hank tells me that a terrible accident happened, re-sulting in the death of my esteemed friend, sulting in the death of my estection of the Miss Joyce. The whole country is aroused, and it is highly necessary that the truth be known. Miss Penroy and her grandfather are nearly distracted with grief. Since we did not find the bedy I am not sure that Lura Joyce is dead."

"You would like to know that she ist" Captain Starbright cast a quick glance at the second twin, who lounged on the floor near, with a pipe between his red jaws, and

"On the contrary, I should be glad to know that she is alive. It grieves me sorely to think harm has come to one who was my friend.

like twin dirks. "The best friend I had in the world," as-

serted Captain Starbright, with apparent He had confided only in the hag, and was not yet ready to place himself at the mercy of the two rufflans who were supposed to be the sons of Mother Cabera. He had evinced too much feeling in the presence of Hank, he feared, and resolved to be more

careful in the future.

After a moment of silence Mother Cabera stepped to the Captain's side and touched

"Come with me, Captain," she whispered in his ear. Then she crossed to one corner of the room and slipped aside a mat re-

vealing a trap-door.

Seizing a candle that stood near she lifted the trap and stepped through the aperture

thus exposed.

Was there danger in following! Captain Starbright was not ready to trust these people fully. He knew that his life would not be worth a picayune should the inmates of the gulch cabin deem it money in pocket to take it. He had gene too far now to recede, however, and so, making sure of his wespon, he followed the hag to the cellar below.

As the trap closed above them Mother Cabera said:
"I knew you was embarrassed up there afore the boys, so I thought I would bring you here where you could speak freely." She flashed the blaze of her candle about

the damp earth for a floor. Some boxes and barrels stood about, and on one of the former Mother Cabera seated her gaunt

"I s'pose you was expectin' this accident a little sooner!"
"No. I had nearly forgotten about it. it

was an accident, then!"
"It looks that way."
"It is very sad. I am sorry that the body was taken away. There seems to be some mystery about it."

A low chuckle answered him. "It's plain's the nose on yer face, Captain "What do you mean!"

"I attended to the body. I was down while the boys was away and fetched the poor gal up an' planted her here." The hideous hag indicated with a tap of her foot the center of the room, which seemed a little higher than the surrounding ground.

The Captain at once felt the delicate texture, and decided that it was a piece from a woman's dress, and closely resembled one that he had seen worp by Lura Large Large and the captain, his face white and that he had seen worp by Lura Large large and the captain, his face white and ghastly in the dim light "That's it exactly. Hold the candle a minut and I'll show ye proof." Mother Cabera thrust the candle into his hand and going to the side of the room lift-ed a spade that leaned against the stones,

and began digging in the center of the cel-"No, no; that will do," cried the Captain. a clammy sweat oozing out on his face as

the spade struck something beneath the surface with a thud that was sickening. "Be you satisfied? It won't take me mor'n a minnit—" "No, I want no further proof," groaned

the wicked Captain. "I am assured that poor Lura Joyce is dead. Let us go up." "Here is more proof, if you need it," chuckled the hag, at the same time producing a soiled envelope, and thrusting it toward the Captain. "I'm opinioned that the gal was a-carryin" this fur the heiress at Lone Hollow."

It proved to be the letter that Lura Joyce lost, and had doubtless been stolen by the hag while telling the girl's fortune on the previous day.

Captain Starbright read the letter with its affectionate words for the Stoneticid me-chanic, and felt his muscles harden, his feelings congeal with rage.

"I will keep this," he said.
"If you pay for it, you may." The hag held out a bony hand. He thrust the caudle back in her hand and drew forth

a wallet, counting out several bank notes. These he handed over to his companion. "That is the first installment," he said, in a low tone.
"When does the next come!"

"When does the next come?"

"When I am master of the Vandible millions. No one stands in my way now, and before the snows of Christmas whiten the ground I will be master of Lone Hollow and its outlying lands."

Mother Cabera secreted the money, then turned to retrace her steps to the room above. Evidently she was thus far satisfied with the situation. s carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla. Dande on, Mandrake, Dock, Pipelssewa, Juniper Berries, nd other (well-known and valuable vegetable emodies, by a peculiar combination, proportion indeprocess, giving to Hood Sarsaparilla curative ower not possessed by other medicines. "I had bolls all over my neck and each, troubing ne so much that I could not turn my head around, for steep over. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me is we weeks. I think it is the best blood purifier." JANKEL HEAD Kansea City, Mo.

with the situatio The hand of Captain Starbright detained "You must keep this affair wholly to yourself, not even whispering my part in it

o your sons."
"I ain't a fool, Captain." This seemed sufficient answer, and the two repaired to the room above. After a few more words with his friends, Captain Starbright left the cabin and turned his steps once more toward Lone Hollow.

[10] HE CONTINUED.] AN OPEN QUESTION.

Is Harrison a Descendant of Pocahontas?

It is popularly believed that President Harrison is descended from Pocahontas and from the Parliamentary soldier and regicted General Thomas Harrison, who was executed in 1650.

Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, manifested a friendliness for the early white settlers of Virginia when she was but a giri. The story of how she saved the life

giri. The story of how she saved the life of Captain John Smith, who had been capt-ured and condemned to death by her father -bow she, on several occasions, made known to the settlers their danger who about to be attacked—is well known to all acquainted with the early history of America. Her subsequent marriage with John Rolfe, an Englishman—her removal to En-gland where a son was born, from whom numerous wealthy families of Virginia claim descent—is the basis of the opinion that President Harrison is one of her de-

whether this be true or not it is, how ever, well-known that President Harrison is a descendant of a noted family, distin-guished alike in peace and war. The name of Harrison is already indelibly written upon the pages of American history, for Geoeral William Henry Harrison—the ninth President of the United States—was the grandfather of General Ben. Harrison. The election of another member of the Harrison family is but another proof of the prevailing disposition of the public to re-turn to healthy administration of public affairs so characteristic of the earlier years of government. A similar desire has been manifested for a revival of early manners and customs in many various ways, of which mention in particular can be made of the prevailing demand for those old time preparations which were so successfully employed in the prevention and cure of the

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"The spitfire gal was your friend?"

The beady eyes of the hag pierced him tween herself and the President be true or

ELDER Sister-"Ob, you fancy yourself tery wise, I dare say, but I could give you wrinkle or two!" Youngar Sister-"No loubt-and never miss them."

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"I know 'tis a sin to, But I'm bent on the notion, I'll throw myself into Bmith-

Til throw myself into
The deep, briny ocean."

Brown—"Fie, fie, my good friend, don't give way to your allments so easily, and settle down into such gloom and despondency. There's no excuse for such sonduct, when it's a well-known fact that all your had feelings, terrible headaches, poor appetite, sense of fatigue, and lassitude, low-spirits, and hypochon-lriacal condition are due to torpid liver and consequent indigestion, and dehility, which will all give way and disappear, as the dew before the morning sun, if you but make use of that world-famed anti-billous, tonic medicine known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded. It cured me when I was in a much worse condition than you are, and if you will only try it, you will soon be singing—

cured me when I was in a much worse con-only try it, you will soon be singing— "But my spirit shall wander Through gay coral bowers, And frisk with the mermads It shall, by the Powers!"

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Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune
Produce a sheeking disturbance. So do
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is reflected by a perturbation of the organ
of thought and by general organic disharmeny. They may be strengthened and
quieted by restoring vigorous digestion with
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preventive and remedy for malarial disorders, billous and kidney allments, constipation and a rheumatic tendency. It is a
prime appetizer also. NEVER sleep opposite a window which will throw a flood of strong light on the eyes when you wake in the morning.

THERE are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them

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hand!" Rauchman-"Nope, got a right smart bunch on foot, though."

Corons. Houseness, Sore Throat, etc. quickly relieved by Buown's Buowenst Taocurs. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in bores.

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